



MONTEREY NEWS

JUNE 1985



TOWN MEETING '85

Both the school budget and the fiscal '86 budget were approved at the 1985 Monterey Town Meeting. Voters agreed to pass over Article 4 regarding rates of compensation for highway employees, as recommended by the Selectmen, in order to allow flexibility in hiring new workers. It was also agreed to postpone purchase of a new pickup (Article 10) until after the public auction of old equipment allowed by vote on Article 22. A new photocopy machine was authorized for the Library, and two new typewriters were authorized for the Town offices. A special Conservation Commission fund was established to reimburse members making inspections on wetlands projects. The proposed computer was voted down. A six-month moratorium on new multi-family dwellings was instituted. A resolution declaring Monterey a "Nuclear Free Zone" was accepted. It was decided to advise the Cemetery Committee to be more judicious about decisions to cut trees in Monterey cemeteries. An amendment to lift the six-year limit on school committee members was rejected.

One hundred forty-eight voters turned out for the Town meeting. In the only contest, Robert Ensign and Gwen O'Connell were elected library trustees for three years. Mr. Ensign received 96 votes; Ms. O'Connell, 83; and a third candidate, Judith B. Hayes, received 80 votes.

Other candidates and their vote totals were: moderator, one year, Mark Makuc, 140; selectman, three years, Jed Lipsky, 131; town clerk, three years, Suzanne MacIver, 138 votes; board of appeals, five years, Osborne Dugan, 122 votes; assessor, three years, William Mielke, 133 votes; auditor, one year, Virgil Stucker, 129 votes; cemetery committee, three years, John Ryder, 126; finance committee, three years, Barbara Gauthier, 137; park commission, three years, Frances Amidon, 139 votes; planning board, five years, Barbara Tryon, 127 votes; Southern Berkshire Regional School Committee, two years, Cory Loder, 138 voters; and tree warden, one year, Roger Tryon, 124 votes.

FEATURE ATTRACTIONS:

ARTS FESTIVAL, pp 8-9

BEAUCHE RETIREMENT pp 2-3

MURKETT MEDITATION ON TOWN

MEETING pp 13-14

MEMORIAL DAY PHOTOS p 19

EXTRA BIG ISSUE !!

MONTEREY PRESERVATION LAND TRUST

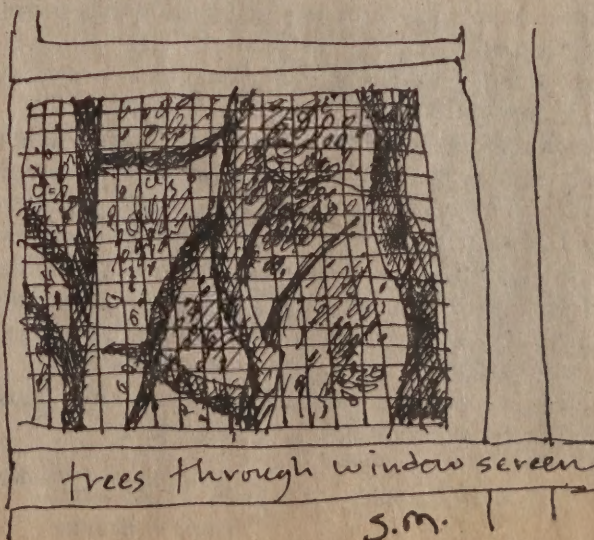
The Monterey Preservation Land Trust has been busy over the winter. Through the dogged efforts and help of Joel and Alice Schick, stationery and handouts have been printed up and mailed to all members. They designed the eye-catching logo and letterhead and guided the myriad different handouts, stationery and envelopes through the printer's. One fine day in April, they delivered about eighty pounds of cargo which will carry our message to prospective members and donors.

At our Board meeting in May, we chose July 13 for our annual membership meeting as called for in the By-Laws. All members and prospective members are welcome. After a short status report and a question-and-answer session, we will be having a bring-your-own picnic at the Scheffey's on Wellman Road. Bring Frisbees, walking shoes, footballs, suntan lotion, etc. Walk the newly opened Tall Pine Trail.

At the meeting members will vote for a permanent Board of Directors to replace the interim Board. Up to fifteen may serve. The present Board is empowered to nominate candidates, or members may be nominated by petition signed by five members up to the time of the meeting. One may vote absentee. Anyone who would desire to be nominated should contact a Board member. Time involved has average two to three hours per month.

For those who are reading of the Land Trust for the first time, write to us for literature or telephone for information at 528-9266 or 528-0006. Membership is \$5.00 per person per year.

— Bob Thieriot





CATHOLIC CHURCHES

Masses Schedule

Our Lady of the Valley, Sheffield
 Saturday, 5:30 p.m.
 Sunday, 7:30 and 10:30 a.m.
 Immaculate Conception, Mill River
 Sunday, 10:00 a.m.

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

Worship and Regular Meetings

Church school, Sunday at 10:30 during morning worship. Morning worship each Sunday at 10:30 a.m. with childcare at same time in the Social Room. Choir rehearsal Tuesdays, 5:30 p.m. Meditation and prayer, 7:30 a.m. in the Social Room. All are invited. Prayer Group, Thursdays, 7:45 p.m. at the home of Lucy Smith.

Dear Editor:

Mrs. Brallier and I want to use the *Monterey News* to express our deep gratitude for the many, many expressions of caring that have come to us from so very many people at the time of the final service in the church on May 26 and the reception that afternoon in the firehouse.

Thank you to the large number of people who sent letters for "our book." Thank you to the even larger number of people who contributed to a most generous purse given to us at the reception—the names of the contributors whom we do not know, except that we are told that it was a large outpouring of people who wanted to share. (By the way, we are putting the entire purse into a special fund for an overseas trip next fall or in the spring.)

We are especially grateful to the hardworking committee who put together plans for such a lovely, delightful reception in the afternoon. There is no way we can know all the labors of love and caring that went into helping to make this movement into retirement from the Monterey pastorate a memorable event. So to all of you who had any part in making this a meaningful transition, we want to say, thank you, from the bottom of our hearts. We love you all.

Yes, we have the kites ready, and true to the instructions we are looking for the right day to "go fly a kite."

Cordially and gratefully,

Virgil V. Brallier



Virgil and Marie Brallier greet a well wisher after Virgil's last service as minister of Monterey United Church of Christ.

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AN INCREDIBLE PRIVILEGE

I have just completed my last Sunday as pastor of the Monterey Church. In the afternoon a reception was held in the firehouse. Many of the people of the community came. I found myself wanting for words when it came my turn to speak—a gaping inability to respond adequately to the events of the day. Now on the “morning after” I awoke with the thought repeating itself: “What an incredible privilege.”

Yes, to have lived for twenty years in Monterey I consider an incredible privilege. It has been great to have lived in an area still so largely unspoiled by the careless by-products of modern urban culture. But that is not principally what I am speaking of.

What has been incredible is the opportunity to live and work and love in the Monterey Church and community. How shall we describe what it is like? Heavenly?—no, not quite. The people here are very much of the earth. Ideal?—no, it is a place where there are real struggles with less than perfect conditions. Utopia?—no, we are a long way from those utopian dreams people have of a place in which the problems have all been solved. In one sense, then, I am thinking that Monterey is very much like most any other place one might live—ordinary human beings with much the same everyday kind of issues to deal with one might find in any typical community of comparable size.

Still, after saying that, the feeling keeps coming to me—to have lived and worked and loved in Monterey for twenty years has been an incredible privilege. What is it I feel? Bear with me while I try to put a finger on what makes it so very special.

There is no doubt, the feeling radiates around the nature of the community—the human climate that has come to be here. One thing that is unique is the particular mix between year-round citizens and the summer and weekend population. Nowhere else do I know of a place in which the “chemistry” between the two has been as fruitful. I am not suggesting that all has been necessarily agreement and harmony between the two, but there is a sense in which both have an interest in working for the integrity and wholeness of the community, and so a basic common interest has developed. Furthermore, the continual bringing of a rich variety of perspectives into our common life together has been more creative than we may recognize on a day-to-day basis. I am sure this is a vital part of the “human climate” I find myself celebrating here.

I have lived in other communities, but I have never been in a place in which my role as pastor in the church has been given such natural interplay into the life of the whole community. This does not mean that I have “pastored” the larger community—no, not that, but the interplay with all kinds and conditions of people has come more naturally here than any other place I have experienced. This is an element hard to define—hard to find words to describe—but one can feel it as surely as one can feel a change in the weather.

But of all the elements attributing to this feeling of incredible privilege it surely has to do with the climate of openness and acceptance that is so prevalent here. There is somehow an acknowledgement that each person occupies a different space than every other. But more—that each person has experienced his or her humanness in a somehow different form than every other—and—the willingness to let it be so without heavy judgment or criticism for this difference. Oh, I’m not pretending that no judgment or criticism over our differences doesn’t exist. But somehow it carries a different quality. Even when very real and sometimes troubling differences exist there is still a quality of respect and real caring that continues through it all. This is far different from some communities, for instance, in which they solve the issue of difference by divorcing themselves from caring about each other. Their seeming intolerance turns out to be indifference. And that changes the human chemistry immeasurably.

Well, it is time for this article to end—and I have not done a very good job of saying why—but one conviction remains—to have lived and worked and loved in this community for twenty years has been an incredible privilege.

— Virgil V. Brallier, Minister
Monterey United Church of Christ



YOUTH NEWS

Brownie Troop #237

In preparation for becoming Junior Girl Scouts, Erin, Meghan and Rachel have been working on the "Bridge to Juniors" requirements. For Mother's Day the girls made plaster of paris hand prints and stuffed felt flowers. The girls also made a personal first-aid kit for emergencies that fits in a 35mm film canister.

Junior Girl Scout Troop #66

For the past few weeks the Monterey-New Marlborough Girl Scouts have worked on a sewing project. They made a needlepoint picture of "Garfield and Odie." They had a "game meeting" where special games were played, including imagination games such as "Put Your Mother on the Ceiling." Several of the girls spent the weekend of May 17-19 at Camp Marion White in Richmond at the annual "Chimo Camp." All three leaders, Pam Gillette, Linda Thorpe and Yvonne Stephens, were there, too. They are going to wrap up the year by going swimming and out for pizza afterwards. A picnic with the parents is planned for June.

Monterey Yankees

The Yankees' home games are scheduled for June 13, June 17 and June 24 at 6:00 p.m. in Greene Park.



3 caps before the
game starts S.M.

MONTEREY HONOR STUDENTS AT MT. EVERETT

The seventh and eighth grade students receiving high honors for the third quarter of 1985 achieved 90 per cent or above in their major subjects, and 80 per cent or above in all minor subjects. Students receiving honors must have achieved at least 80 per cent in all subject areas.

High Honors, Grade 7: Natasha Grotz, Ann Marie Makuc.

Honors, Grade 7: Meghan Bradley.

High Honors, Grade 8: Shelby Loder.

To attain high honors in high school, a student with four or five major subjects must have all As. With six or seven subjects, a student must have all As except for one B. For honors, a student must have all As or Bs.

Honors, Grade 12: Mary Heath.

Honors, Grade 11: Monika Pizzichemi, Brenda Provost.

Honors, Grade 10: Michelle Grotz.

Honors, Grade 9: Janet Thieriot.

Honors, Grade 9: Christopher Makuc.



Tom McCabe, visiting storyteller, is enjoying Jordan Loder's 34-page adventure about Stuart Little, while Lucinda Shmulsky and Fran Stevens look on.

Photo: New Marlborough School - no credit.

APOLOGIES

We regret to say that for lack of space we have decided to discontinue printing the "News from the Monterey Kindergarten and the New Marlborough Central School." Maureen Bradley has been a faithful reporter, and we have appreciated knowing the many details of life in grades K through 4. Because the schools news is now being distributed to all parents of K through 4 and is also published in *The Record*, we feel it gets good circulation. In addition to that the very thorough quarterly *On Common Ground*, with news of Mt. Everett Regional High School, has a wide circulation in Monterey. The *Monterey News* will continue to depend on Katy Bradley for news of Monterey kids, and we invite all our readers to send in reports on your children's doings.

MONTEREY GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange #291 on May 16 went to Sandisfield Grange #425 for a joint meeting and furnished a Variety Program. The Grange was invited to Pittsfield #14 on May 17, to Sheffield Grange on June 4 and to Umpachene Grange on May 28.

The Grange will have a food sale at the Big Y Super Market on June 15.

The next meeting will be June 5 for the election of officers.

— Mary Wallace
Lecturer

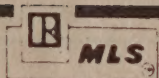
STRANGE MAY IT SEEM

Strange may it seem that when
That when the world is bright and dark
Some wait and search for light;
Some dive for ill where ill makes
More of ill. And if the darkness comes,
There is a way most comfortable whereon
We look not to ourselves to frown upon,
But seek as through a glass for other's guilt.
Looking too far thus, ourselves are lost
Until at last the most we fear
Our image true and mirrored in a glass.
Dark visions or ourselves we desperate flee,
And desperate needs destroy reminders of
Our dirth to live. Day turning night;
Love gone for hate;—vanish then the soul.
And the tempests of hell course over.

— Dave Roberts



Tommy Brazil - Montelemy Kindergarten



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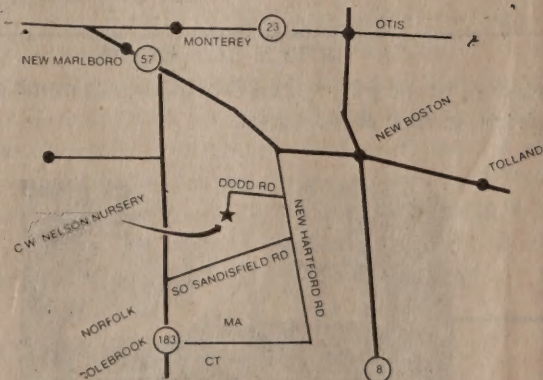
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Monterey Festival of the Arts 1985

You

are cordially invited to attend a celebration
of visual and performing arts in the Town of Monterey
on Saturday and Sunday, July 20 and 21, 1985.

Heralded by a spectacular parade of bagpipers, jugglers and clowns,
the weekend will abound with a rich and varied succession
of exciting cultural events.

ON SATURDAY, The Monterey Arts Council has planned
an **art exhibition** which will display a selection of works by some of
Monterey's most gifted artists and craftspeople. We have also
called on two of the Berkshires' most renowned performance groups.
The **Aston Magna Foundation** and **Jacob's Pillow**
for a program of classical music and modern dance.
Child care will be available.

R. S. V. P.

SATURDAY'S EVENTS

- | | |
|---|--|
| Parade | 9:30 a.m., Main Street, Monterey |
| Art Exhibition
at the new
firehouse | The art exhibition will start promptly at 11 a.m. Artists and crafts-
people will be present with their work. Croissants and coffee will be
served. |
| Aston Magna
at the United
Church of Christ | Music by Aston Magna will begin at 1 p.m. <i>There will be no seating
during the performance.</i> The concert will consist of works by Mozart
and Haydn performed on period instruments. |
| Refreshments
at Rock Ridge | After the concert, the scene shifts to the pastoral serenity of Rock
Ridge, an historic estate overlooking Lake Garfield in Monterey. A
delectable assortment of sweets and savories prepared by Michele
Miller will be served. |
| Jacob's Pillow
at Rock Ridge | Beth Soll & Co., Artists in Residence at Jacob's Pillow, will present a
selection of dances and environmental works in the lush, sunken
gardens of Rock Ridge. |

SUNDAY'S EVENTS

TICKETS

The art show will continue, highlighted by demonstrations by partici-
pating artists throughout the afternoon. There will also be the tradi-
tional ecumenical service at the United Church of Christ at 10:30 a.m.

There will be no admission charge to the art exhibition; however,
tickets for the performing arts segment of the festival will be \$10.00 or
\$7.50 for senior citizens.

We are also seeking support of patrons and friends of the Arts Council. A contribution of
\$100.00 will entitle you to two tickets and list you on the program as a patron of the Council;
a contribution of \$25.00 will list you as a Friend of the Council and entitle you to one ticket.

We are looking forward to celebrating with you a great day for the appreciation of Arts in
Monterey.

Thank you,
The Monterey Arts Council

THE MONTEREY ARTS EXHIBITION

The Monterey Arts Council would like to invite all Monterey artists and craftspeople to submit works for a multimedia art exhibition which will be held in the new Monterey firehouse on Saturday and Sunday, July 20 and 21, 1985. This art exhibition will be held in conjunction with a weekend of festivities and cultural events, including a parade, classical music and modern dance. Examples of appropriate categories include: basketry, ceramics, fibers, glass, jewelry, lacquer, leather, metal, wood, fine arts, painting, photography and sculpture.

ENTRY INFORMATION

This is not a juried show nor will an entrance fee be required. However, we ask each artist to use his or her discretion in submitting no more than **three major works**.

REGISTRATION

Since we are limited in the number of participants and since each artist will be listed on the official program, we urge all applicants to register with the Monterey Arts Council by July 10.

SALES

Although the primary goal of this exhibition is to display the talents of Monterey artists and craftspeople, items may be sold. However, we ask artists not to sell "off the floor." Arrangements should be made for interested parties to pick up sold work at the end of the exhibition or directly from the artist's studio, for which a map will be provided.

DISPLAY

The following guidelines apply:

Prints, Paintings, Photography, Collage: All work must be matted/framed with wire affixed, ready to hang. Please bring easels for display as wall space is limited.

Ceramics, Glass, Sculpture: Pedestals of varying heights to accommodate width of pieces.

Fibers, Leather, Weaving: All work must be ready to hang with adequate wire and hardware; wearables on hangers or mannequins; functional items on tables or chests.

Jewelry: Small display cabinet with lock required.

Instruments, Wood, Basketry: Pedestals, small tables, or appropriate mats/rugs.

EACH SUBMISSION MUST BE LABELED WITH THE NAME OF THE ARTIST AND THE TITLE OF THE WORK.

DEMONSTRATIONS

On Sunday, July 21, from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. certain artists will demon-

strate techniques and tools of their trade. If you are interested in participating, please contact the Arts Council.

LIABILITY

The Monterey Arts Council will provide security on the grounds; however, each artist exhibits at his or her own risk.

SCHEDULE

ALL WORK MUST BE DELIVERED TO THE MONTEREY FIREHOUSE ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 17 and 18, BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 12 NOON and 8 P.M.

July 20—Saturday—11 a.m.-1 p.m., Opening Reception. All artists are asked to be present.

July 20-21—Saturday and Sunday—11 a.m.-5 p.m., Exhibition open to public.

July 21—Sunday—1-5 p.m., Demonstrations by participating artists.

ALL WORK IS TO BE PICKED UP AT THE CLOSING, 5 p.m., SUNDAY, JULY 21.

INQUIRIES

All correspondence and/or inquiries should be addressed to the **MONTEREY ARTS COUNCIL**, Box 100, Monterey, MA 01245; or call Frank D'Amato (528-3723), Leonard Weber (528-1806), or Michael Marcus (528-4115).

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

The house designated by a Historical Society plaque in the *May Monterey News*, built in 1786 by Thompson Rawson, is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tryon.

The Harmon family became owners of the property in 1815 when they swapped their house on Hupi Road for the larger Rawson house and bushel of coins.

When driving on Monterey's back road, have you seen the house built in 1747 by Deacon Hale?

— Sally Fijux

LOCAL LORE

INDIAN NOTES

Indians and Fire Ecology

In my childhood I was told that Indians made small frugal fires for heating and cooking and laughed at the clumsy European greenhorn: "Ugh, heap fool, make fire too big to sit by!" When I began to meet Indians I found things quite different. One day some Navajos asked if they could cook at my small, frugal fire. I thought it was because I had such a good Indian fire, but they said, "Have to build this up a bit!" and began piling on the wood. Soon there was a bonfire and Navajo coffee was perking just by standing on the ground at the edge of the conflagration.

The Northeastern Indians were similarly generous with fuel. Early observers noted that they heated themselves with fires rather than warm houses and bedclothing. The winter fires kept going all day and all night. The forests near their villages soon had an open, parklike aspect, and villages moved every eight to ten years to be near new sources of firewood. Roger Williams's Indian friends observed that the English must have come to America because the fuel supply in England had become scarce.

Another reason for periodic village moves was to find new garden sites as the old fields lost their fertility. Instead of our laborious cutting and stump hauling, Indians killed the trees with fire and planted gardens in the sunlight between the bare skeletons. In a few years the smaller trees would topple and be used for firewood, and the larger trees would begin shedding branches, thus rendering the gardens more open. In addition, large tracts of forest were selectively fired once or twice a year to create a mosaic of edge-of-forest ecology most suitable for large populations of deer, elk, hare, porcupine, turkey, quail and ruffed grouse.

According to Cronon's *Changes in the Land* (50-51), forest burning "... increased the rate at which forest nutrients were recycled into the soil, so that grasses, shrubs, and nonwoody plants tended to grow more luxuriantly following a fire than they had before. Especially on old Indian fields, fire created conditions favorable to strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, and other gatherable foods. Grasses like the little bluestem were rare in mature forests, but in a forest burned by Indians they became abundant. The thinning of the forest canopy ... allowed more light to reach the forest floor and further aided such growth. The soil became warmer and drier and [burning] ... also tended to destroy plant diseases and pests.

The Indians, who were seen by the English settlers as wantonly destroying the forests, were actually engaged in a sophisticated cultivation of "wild" animal and vegetable resources.

— David P. McAllester

THE PARTRIDGE, WOODS DRUMMER

It's June and the New England woods are full of first sights and sounds of spring. Many a Berkshire nature observer's engagement calendar fills up in these early weeks with such notes as "bloodroot today," "chickadee spring song," "robins in orchard," "sadbush by driveway blooms today." Spring comes bursting like fireworks all around with sights and smells and sounds, some insistent and familiar to all, and some more subtle which may remain mysterious for some years until we happen upon a realization which opens another door to understanding the woods around us.

At this time of year, especially, many people who have noted the phoebe nesting once again over the screen door and the peepers trilling away in the lowlands will be scratching their heads over the woods drummer they hear in the early morning and evening. Some may have decided he is a far-off tractor engine starting up, over and over, or even a motorcyclist deep in the woods. Some people, with a few minutes to spare in the morning before heading off to work, may take the time to walk into the woods in search of the drummer, following the sound: thump . . . thump . . . thump . . . thump, thump, thump, thump, whirrrrrrrrr. This distant heartbeat gong is one of the most elusive sounds in the woods. Some say it is more clearly heard half a mile from its source than when it is only twenty feet away; others say the musician or drummer who makes it is a ventriloquist, a kind of magician. That we should have trouble finding the drummer is not surprising—his message is not meant for us. He is the cock partridge, or ruffed grouse, and he is thumping out his percussive song of spring and challenge and courtship to all other partridges within hearing, especially the hens.

Anyone who has watched turkeys or barnyard roosters (or teenaged human beings) knows a strut. The cock partridge struts, usually upon a fallen log or a mound in the woods. His ruff is up, dark glossy feathers on either side of his neck, and his fan tail is spread. He droops his wings stiffly, like turkeys and roosters and many other self-possessed males at this time of year, giving off strong emanations of male beauty and strength. If the power of this strut and show does not at once bring the ladies running (while sending the lesser males fleeing), the partridge will bring out his drum.

The sound of the drum is so strong and so resonant that it's no wonder Thoreau and other early naturalists assumed the partridge beat upon a hollow log. Now, with the advantage of motion picture photography, slowed down, we know that the woods drummer beats the air with his wings, never touching the log nor even beating his wings together. The sound, like thunder, is produced by clapping air. It starts off with three or four slow beats, then accelerates rapidly and tails off in a whirr. This phrase is repeated every few minutes, and those who have been lucky enough to have observed it in the woods or on film report that the cock partridge sits back farther and farther against his tail as he beats the air with his wings. When he stops, he springs forward, rests, then struts and drums again.

My barnyard rooster is a drummer too, but really his vocal powers far exceed his percussive ones. He has a glorious cock-a-doodle-do, but he usually precedes it with a little modest wing clapping, strutting and hackle-raising, reminding me of his wild brown cousin in the woods hereabouts. There is

another habit I see in my chickens which is used much more skillfully and purposefully by the wild hen partridges. For years I have observed the chicken hens ritualistically dropping bits of hay or straw on their backs as they sit on the nest, laying or brooding eggs. Even newly hatched chicks do this, with their eyes half shut and their meagre intelligence utterly disconnected. They peck at thin air, then twist their heads back, to left and to right, as if dropping something on their backs. Now I have learned that hen partridges cover their backs with leaves in this manner, enhancing their good camouflage but also making it possible to slip off the eggs, leaving them covered with leaves. They can do this quickly and unobtrusively whenever the nest is threatened or has to be abandoned for a short time.

Once the chicks have hatched, after an incubation period of three to four weeks, the family abandons the nest, foraging through the woods for insects and taking cover at night, the hen beneath a bush and the chicks beneath the hen. When danger threatens, the hen rushes off loudly in a "crippled bird" act while the chicks scatter and freeze, blending with the dry leaves on the woods floor. If this first strategy fails, as it does with some smart dogs and humans, the mother will attack fearlessly, her ruff and hackles raised like a fierce mane and her wings beating at the enemy. We have a favorite family story of being driven away by a brave (and crazy) partridge who objected to our presence on Blue Hill Road in Monterey. She was on foot and we were in our car, but still she faced us down and forced us to retreat back the way we had come.

Partridges do have a reputation for "craziness," especially in the early fall. For some reason, this is when they seem most likely to fly into buildings, automobiles, tree trunks, and windows. One broke its neck and dropped to our deck, where we puzzled for some time as to how it had arrived there, dead. The cats swore innocence, and finally we saw the body print on our big window, in little bits of feather stuck to the glass.

Partridges are good to eat. We ate that one, and another we found by the road once in the summer. This one's crop was full of the cottony seed catkins of poplars, a favorite seasonal food for partridges. In winter they go "budding," as Thoreau put it, nibbling the buds from birches, blueberries, cherries, and orchard trees.

If you don't spot a partridge this spring, you still may hear some drumming. In fact, they keep it up sporadically all summer and fall and sometimes even in the winter. Winter is a good time for observing partridge habits through their tracks. They develop "snowshoe" in the form of bristly fringes called *pectinations* on their toes. Trails are apt to begin and end abruptly with wing feather marks in the snow as they land or take off, and you may even find a place where a partridge has dived into a snowbank to escape a predator and then emerged, still flying, several feet away. Partridges also sleep under the snow sometimes in winter, safe from the cold wind of a storm.

Although they are found in many other parts of the country, partridges seem to me to be especially indigenous to New England and somehow Yankee-flavored, with their varied native diet and their rocky-wooded-hillside coloration. But it is the drum roll which really makes me smile. Every time I hear it I picture the effort and the strut, the hard work and
11 the parade of our New England woods chicken. BSMCA

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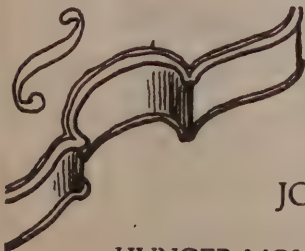


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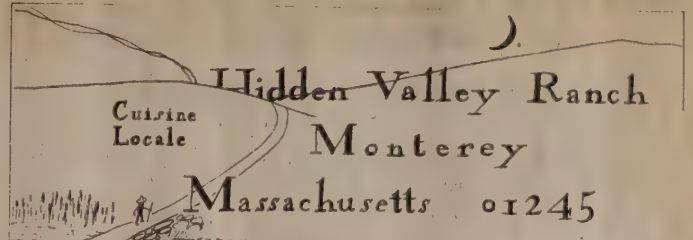


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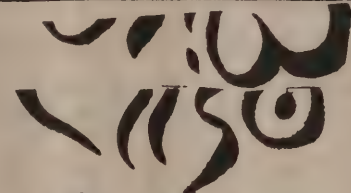
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ANA'S SCIENCE REPORT
FOR APRIL 13, 1985

Ana's sister, Camellia, was capturing ants in the kitchen by trapping them in a cup and then sweeping them gently into a plastic baggie. She then took delight in delivering them outside where she let them go on the porch.

As she performed these delicate operations Ana informed me in this way:

"Ants don't poop and they can't pee either."

"Ants can't sit down either."

I was nudged to the alert with these sudden spontaneous and reflective observations and asked Ana, "Well, what do they do then?"

Ana replied seriously, "They just walk and walk."

"Do they do anything else," I asked.

Says Ana, "They mate. They just walk and mate, walk and mate, walk, mate, walk, mate."

— Steven Maye

Kristen

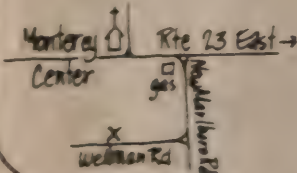


Kristen Mallory - Montkely Kindergarten

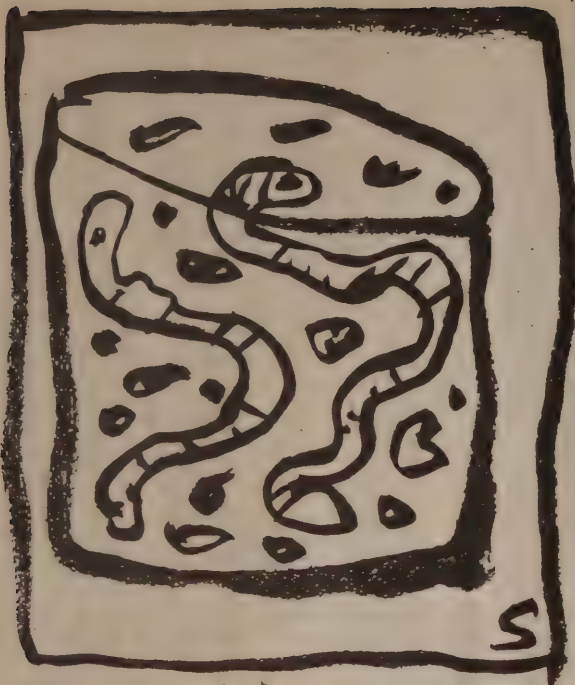
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Fisherman at
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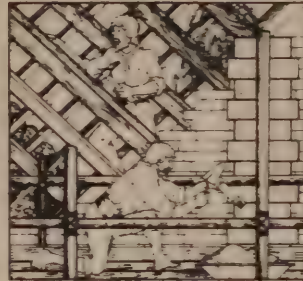
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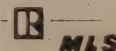
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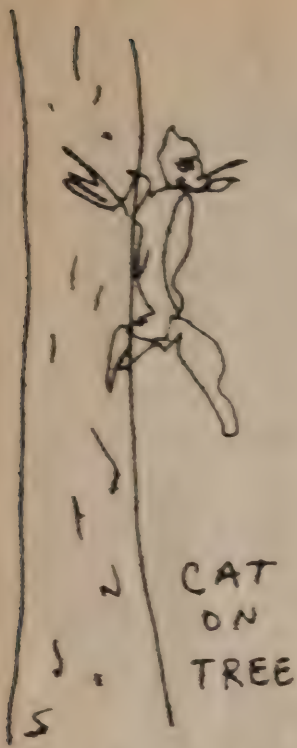
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LINDA HEBERT
BROKER, GRI, CRS





THUMSY DA-DEE AND THE TWO ROBBERS

One summer morning Dad sent me across the road to get the eggs. And do you know what?

Three of our best hens were gone! I saw some tracks but could not follow them, so I called Dad, who was in the horse barn near the house.

While we were trying to follow the tracks, out came Thumsy Da-Dee.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

We showed him the tracks. "Three hens are gone," Dad shouted.

So Thumsy began to sniff along the tracks. He stopped at the road and sniffed toward the village. He sniffed toward Sandisfield, then toward New Marlboro, then toward West Otis, and suddenly—he was across the road, across the lawn, around the horse barn, and headed straight toward Lake Garfield!

He was gone all day and seemed very tired but pleased when he came back just before dusk.

"I've found them," he shouted.

"Found What?" we demanded.

"Your hens, of course," he shouted back. "Over at the Indian Cave on Lake Garfield are two rough, tough-looking robbers. Even now they are eating one of the hens!"

"All right," snapped Dad. "I'll put on my uniform, and go get 'em."

"I wouldn't," objected Thumsy Da-Dee. "They can see you coming and be long out of sight before you get near. Let me handle this."

"Let me have a flashlight, and I'll get Oliver and Phoebe and Charley to help me," he explained.

So that night Thumsy Da-Dee took the flashlight and watched from the dining room window sill, with Oliver, our pet rooster, on the porch. But though it was a bright moonlit night, full of stars, no one came from the field that led to Lake

Garfield.

So Thumsy waited the next night, which was much darker, with only the moon jumping from cloud to cloud. Again, no one.

But the next night after that there was no moon, even; it was black and gloomy, as Thumsy carefully watched. Then suddenly—

He jumped to the floor and ran out on the porch, where Oliver was again waiting. Dad, also waiting, made sure his shotgun was ready.

Thumsy and Oliver ran across the lawn to the pig pen, and let out Phoebe and Charley, our two Berkshire pigs. Then the four of them ran back across the yard and across the road to the hen house.

Thumsy with his flashlight went up on one corner of the roof and Oliver flew up to the other corner, while Phoebe and Charley crouched in the dark, each at a corner.

Soon around the corner of the horse barn came two dark slinky shapes; one of them carried a bag. They came to the edge of the road, across the road, straight toward the henhouse, but—

As they were about three feet from it, Thumsy turned on the flashlight and jumped down at one robber, biting and digging, keeping the light in the robber's face, and Oliver from the other corner crowed.

"Cockle-doodle doo, let me bite one, too," and sailed down at the other robber, spurs slashing, beak cutting; then Phoebe and Charley rushed out and ran into the robbers, knocking them down into the road, as Dad called from the porch.

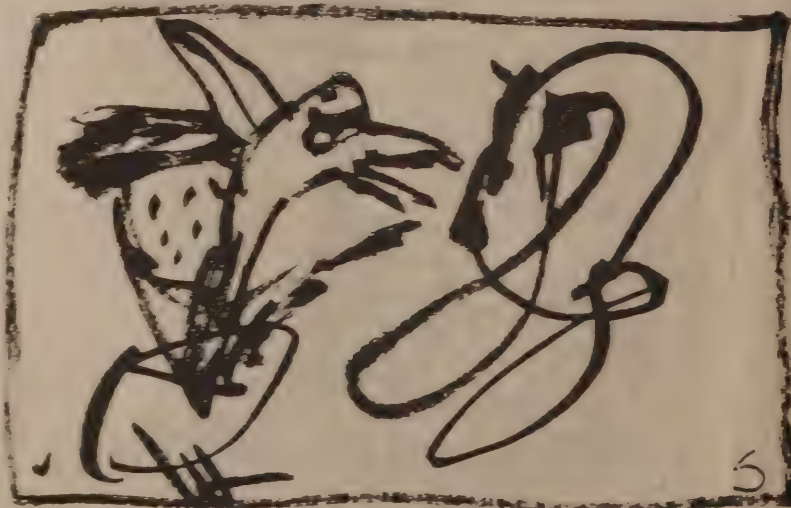
"Stop, you thieves, stop!"

As the thieves got up he fired the shotgun in the air and Phoebe and Charley knocked them down again.

This time they got up and ran. How they ran! Right up the Sandisfield road, with Thumsy Da-Dee and Oliver, and Dad and Phoebe, Charley and I all after them.

Well, those robbers were so scared that we never could catch them, but they never bothered us nor anyone else in Monterey again.

— Dwight P. Campbell



a bird in Paradise
whistlin' Dixie



A busy fast-moving reporter would have called it a classic Town Meeting. There we were again, the embattled Monterey townspeople getting worked up over typewriters, computers, nuclear weapons, trees, cemeteries, how much money to spend on what. I like it. It's not too different from running a race: takes an effort, sometimes hurts, you can easily make a fool of yourself, and win or lose it provides a perspective you just can't get from the sidelines. It always takes place in the spring, when everything else is growing fast too.

The Town Meeting forum is about the smallest there is, and we filled a good deal of it discussing matters global in scale. When we walked in it was just Monterey. When we walked out we were in one of the world's few Nuclear Free Zones. It was a healthy, robust debate, and the vote was a good reflection of the feelings expressed.

Among them was the ancient principle of an eye for an eye, a sentiment that gained strength in America after our success in World War II, and is now the foundation of our foreign policy. In the USA, World War II was two wars and forty years ago, fought on foreign land. We suffered, but not so much as other nations. The two wars we've fought since were nothing like the Second World War. Despite our might, the outcome of war in Korea and Vietnam just didn't satisfy the way it had in Europe and the Pacific. Time we learned something from this.

With nuclear capability the threat of war and retaliation came to replace the act. I suppose that's an improvement, but the temperament's the same, and as long as that's true, the act can replace the threat before you or I can do a thing to prevent it. No one can know for sure, but if the act occurs, it will likely

be our last. Still, the temperament's as old as our kind. You might say it got us this far. You might even say it contributes to a robust debate at Town Meeting. We can't change human nature overnight the way we seem to have changed our destructive capability in this century, overnight.

The mind boggles at these prospects, issues the size of Basic Human Nature as it's evolved over eons, and the possibility that life on the planet will end any time soon on account of quarreling between nations. Time to pull up on the focus. Picture the bright blue-green planet Earth riding remote and silent across black space, on the brink of quick and total change. (The planet will remain, even when its life and bright color fade. Will God, or Nature, care? We had our chance.) Now a long zoom down through blue sky all the way in to the firehouse, ourselves and our neighbors on folding chairs, the breeze and sun of spring outside. It's this that we'll lose—our rooms, our gardens, our children and parents, all of it at once. Do we care? With maybe a crack in the voice, some extra zip to the blood because of how rarely we stand before each other to express heartfelt opinion, with a little more force than might be decorous as we hold these images side by side in our mind's eye, the whole Earth and our own home, we make our little presentations and challenges on these large issues.

This is a good time to tap our personal strength and speak, not a time to be mute, whatever opinion we hold, because when we're done speaking our piece we remain fellow townspeople, and this binds us together. Still the same bunch of opinionated individuals sharing residential proximity. It's a good influence. Our opinions divide us but we persist at living together, despite the difficulties. Backbiting and gossip are common, they satisfy some anger. We can trade mean looks as

Continued p18



Moderator Mark Makuc and Town Clerk Suzanne MacIver listen as Ray Ward clarifies Monterey finances. Nicholas Wool at right.

Town Meeting, continued



*Amy Enoe checks off Cynthia Weber on the voting list.
Monterey Town Meeting, May 4, 1985.*

we pass on the road, and the cold shoulder says a lot. But we get past the trouble. It can take more effort than it's worth to maintain mean feeling. Like as not, our basic sense of fellowship will reappear again suddenly at the least excuse, as if it had been right there underneath the mean veneer all along. The unrehearsed good word can come with surprising ease. When neighborliness fails, we still live in the neighborhood where there's often a daily choice to carry the chip or try something new. Lives played out in close quarters with a certain commitment to place afford us an opportunity to measure the real effects of our native mistrust and love, and act accordingly.

This face-to-face experience is educating, civilizing in the best sense. It undercuts cynicism, an attitude that only appreciates black and white categories, exaggeration. In the worldly view, small town life sounds sweet and neighborly everywhere all the time, or else it's mute, inbred, stingy and mean. Well, it's both, and neither. Town life gives the chance to see the detail, then watch it fade and be replaced with new detail as we go on living together.

Another issue was raised in the Nuclear Free Zone debate. Some said a vote to deplore and disavow nuclear weapons would undermine the strength of negotiators representing our national interest in the world forum. That's a curious point of view. World-class negotiators want the same thing we do. They ride in limousines to grand meeting rooms in foreign

hotels to meet their counterparts from other civilizations halfway around the globe. We ride in rusty pickups and new Mercedes to the firehouse and tough it out with each other to make our point, which (by majority vote, mind you) is that nuclear weapons, in and of themselves, are a real threat now. It's not that Russia is wonderful. It's just that these weapons, theirs *and* ours, endanger everyone equally. I'm certain the negotiators are worldly enough not to be put off by the diverse tiny voices of the world's democratic Town Meetings reminding them of what needs to be done. It's always possible to be strong, fair and decent at once. On the small scale it's not so noticeable because it's fairly routine, but if it happened on a grand scale it would be refreshing indeed. We don't delude ourselves that a few square miles illegally declared a Nuclear Free Zone by close vote will free the world of weapons tomorrow. By the same token, the small scale of our action doesn't diminish its dignity and integrity. We're starved for these qualities in the debate as it's conducted by the big shots. Where we lead I still hope they can and will follow.

I like living in a 40-for 30-against Nuclear Free Zone, with ten abstentions. I'm probably not a bit safer, just a little more comfortable. Feels like home to me.

— Peter Murkett





Michelle Grotz gets a kiss from Morgan Clawson before the parade



Wallace Tryon, Myra Raney, Ellen Pearson—Memorial Day '85.

PHOTO BY TIM FREEMAN



Morgan Clawson, Myra Raney, Sarah Wilson—wreath girls, Memorial Day, 1985

NEW PRODUCTION OF EDITH WHARTON: SONGS FROM THE HEART

Mickey Friedman and John MacGruer of Downtown Productions are planning to produce Mickey's play *Edith Wharton: Songs From The Heart* for national television. They have just received a grant of \$22,000 from the Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy, and are awaiting word from the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities on an application they made for \$30,000. They have just launched a local fundraising drive to raise the remaining \$12,000 they need for the project.

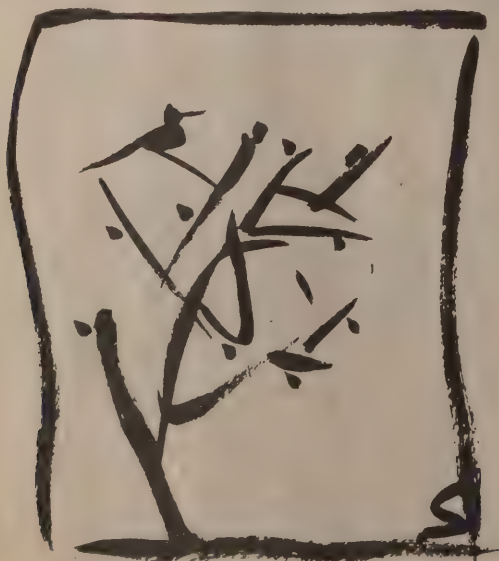
Edith Wharton is one of the most important American writers of the century. In 1920 she became the first woman novelist to receive the Pulitzer Prize for her novel, *The Age of Innocence*. Mickey's play weaves Edith Wharton's life with her literature. Mrs. Wharton's reminiscences are linked to dramatic segments from her work.

Edith Wharton Restoration, Inc., the nonprofit organization devoted to preserving The Mount is co-sponsoring efforts to fund the project. They are anxious to include the finished production as part of their ongoing education program.

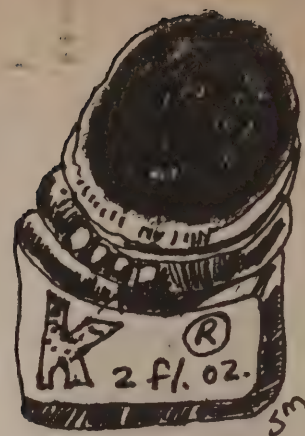
Beatrice Straight, the winner of the 1976 Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress in the film *Network*, is interested in playing Edith Wharton, and Tina Packer, the Artistic Director of both Shakespeare & Company in Lenox and The Boston Shakespeare Company has agreed to direct. WGBH-TV, the public television station in Boston, and the Arts & Entertainment cable network have expressed interest in the production.

Songs premiered last summer at The Mount and is being brought back again this coming summer.

If you're interested in any more information about the project, you can reach John and Mickey at Downtown Productions, 22 Railroad Street #2, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230. The telephone number is 528-9395. All contributions to this nonprofit project are tax-deductible and can be made out to "Downtown Productions—Songs."



Spring Dove
in budding tree



PERSONALS

Ann Carol Pederson of Main Road, daughter of **Alf B. and Lena K. Pederson** of Main Road, was married May 11 to **John Charles Gazdik**, Sandusky, Ohio. He is the son of Jan and Alice Gazdik of St. Fox, in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

An afternoon ceremony was held at Sheffield Chapel, with a reception at the chapel following the wedding. The **Rev. John Pederson**, brother of the bride, officiated.

The maid of honor was **Ellen Pederson**, sister of the bride. Bridesmaids included **Hannah Pederson**, sister of the bride, and Sue Adams and Catherine Farley, friends of the bride. **Sarah Pederson**, niece of the bride, was flower girl.

Paul Gazdik, brother of the groom, was best man. Ushers were Keith Holt, Michael Edwards and Charles Phillips.

Following a wedding trip to Cape Cod, the couple will reside in Sandusky.

The bride is a 1983 graduate of Cedarville College, Cedarville, Ohio, with a degree in elementary education.

The groom, also a 1983 graduate of Cedarville College with a degree in mathematics, is an engineer with Ford Motor Co. He is also working toward a degree in mechanical engineering at Ohio St. University.

Jimmy Gauthier, son of **Bob and Barbara Gauthier** of Main Road, graduated May 11 from Newberry Junior College as an Arts and Design major. Jimmy has a job with Bierley and Drake, an interior design firm in Boston.

Westfield State College has presented **Carol Lewis** the Academic Excellence Award for having attained the highest cumulative grade average of any 1985 graduate in the Department of Education. Ms. Lewis completed her Bachelor of Science degree this past January, and has been granted teacher certification from the state.

In recognition of her achievements, she was also elected a member of Alpha Chi, a national collegiate honor society, and Kappa Delta Pi, the national education honor society, this past year. A resident of Monterey, she is vice president of the Monterey Preservation Land Trust. She has been a member of the Berkshire County Board of Realtors since 1981, and is a sales associate with Barnbrook Realty of Great Barrington.

"A Berkshire Scene" by **Eleanor Kimberley** won first place in the Slide of the Year competition by the Great Barrington Camera Club.

Dear Editor:

My brother Shelton in Phoenix just sent me his April copy of your very classy paper, noting that he recognized me in the interior Corashire School photo on page 12. It's true; I can't mistake the fellow I've looked at regularly in the mirror for 50 years. I'm standing by the stovepipe, reading a lesson for Bea Phillips, to whom I shall always be grateful for her teaching and her later friendship until her death.

I'm not certain I recognize anyone else; perhaps I could with the original. I'd love to know the others. I'm sending a photocopy to another Corashire alumnus, George Tuttle, who lives just 50 miles away off Fort Myers on Captiva Island. Claire and I'll be enjoying a Memorial Day weekend barbecue with him and wife Louise on May 25, and he may by that time, have identified our classmates.

Shelton and I lived on then Swann Forest, where our father was superintendent until about 1942, when he retired to California, living there until August, 1976. I retired from radio broadcasting a couple of years ago, although I spent the winter in Brownsville, Texas, trying to get a rock radio station back on the road to success for its Colorado owners. I revisited Monterey from time to time—rejuvenation.

I'd like to get *Monterey News* on a regular basis, so enclosed is a check. Sheldon Fenn—what an evocative, moving poem.

Sincerely,

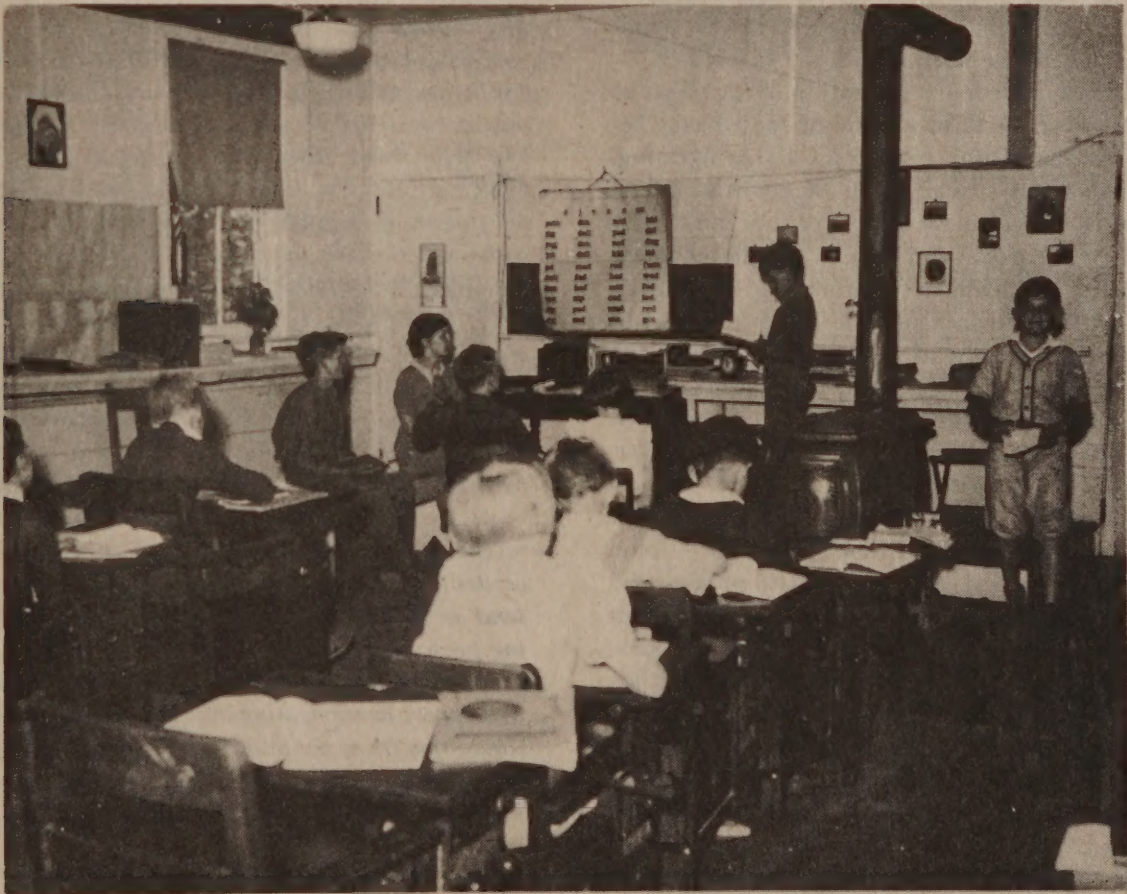
Gordon Stafford

BERKSHIRE GARDEN CENTER

The Berkshire Garden Center is located on both sides of Route 102, two miles west of the town of Stockbridge, just past the intersection of Routes 102 and 183. The Center is open from mid-May to mid-October from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Greenhouses and office are open year round. Admission is charged from May to October.

Memberships are encouraged. This valuable horticultural resource needs your support. Benefits of membership include free admission, receipt of their quarterly publication, "Cuttings," discount in the Garden Gift Shop, and more.

Do you have questions on gardening? Soil? Trees? Plants? Descriptive signs and names of individual plants are placed all over the Center. A library is filled with reference books, magazines and, at all times, the latest seed and plant catalogs. The director and members of the horticultural staff are available to answer your questions. For full information visit the Garden Center or call 298-3926.



Corashire School, circa 1932. Inspired by Mr. Stafford's letter, we ran this by Shel Fenn and Frances Brett, hoping to identify more children. We came up with Shelton Stafford, Gordon's brother,

sitting left of teacher Bea Phillips, and Mary Fenn, Sheldon Fenn's sister, seated at rear with the shining blonde hair. Who is the boy in the baseball suit?

Open Letter to the Editor and Staff of the *Monterey News*

I have read the letters to the editor of Evelyn Drescher and George McVey in response to the article by Bonner McAllester titled: "Low Tide in the Lakes." I choose not to editorialize on the latter, for that was so eloquently addressed by Mrs. Drescher and Mr. McVey. But I must comment on several larger issues that are an outgrowth of the original piece that elicited so much response and controversy.

My deep concern is with the editorial policies of the *Monterey News*. In the May issue, immediately following the Drescher and McVey letters, was a response to those letters from Bonner McAllester titled: "Bonner McAllester Replies." In other words, the editor of the *Monterey News* saw fit to give Bonner McAllester the opportunity to read and respond to the McVey and Drescher letters to the editor before the constituency of loyal *Monterey News* readers had an opportunity to read and digest their content without the Bonner McAllester commentary and rebuttal immediately following them. I'm appalled by such a blatant display of journalistic bias, and insensitivity.

As a journalist and publisher for over thirty years, I have never witnessed such a prejudicial and unprecedented action by a news medium . . . either large or small, or of the newspaper or newsletter variety. I submit: Why didn't you give your readers an opportunity to see and respond in print to the Bonner McAllester piece in the same issue in which *IT* originally appeared? Surely this is not objective, unbiased reporting . . . nor does it reflect well on the integrity of the *Monterey News*. Those charged with the responsibility of making editorial judgments should adhere to the fundamental principles and practices of ethical publishing and should avoid what can be interpreted as editorial bias, or "favoritism."

Another concern of mine is the utilization of the pages of the *Monterey News* for the fermentation of controversy between summer and year-round residents via a denigrating, insensitive and self-serving article. Surely the editor who read and approved the "Low Tide in the Lakes" piece could readily discern the inherent arrogance and disdain manifested in the words and phrasing so indelicately penned by the author. What's more, to continue to publish rebuttals to responses to the piece merely fans the flame of vitriolic commentary and deep hurt between one individual (who claims to speak for her own fan club) and the multitude of summer residents who have been referred to so indelicately by Ms. McAllester, author of the original "missile." [sic]

Is the *Monterey News* to continue to be the platform for one self-serving individual to deride her neighbors . . . both summer and year-round residents? What useful purpose did the McAllester piece serve? And, how denigrating her latest commentary regarding the futility of lake drawdown for weed control. I and many of my fellow members of the Lake Garfield Association—year-round residents included—devoted significant time and energy studying the weed problem and the ton of material and counsel received from experts on the subject. And, I might add, on behalf of the Bonner McAllesters of this world. For Ms. McAllester to state unequivocally and unilaterally that "drawdown is ineffective" is misleading, inaccurate, and a disservice to the readers of the *Monterey News*, and those concerned with the Lake Garfield weed

problem.

I have enjoyed the *Monterey News* for as long as I can remember. I have supported it and will continue to do so. For it serves as a significant medium for the exchange of information and news of interest (and value) to ALL Monterey property owners, full- and part-time residents.

However, I would urge the editorial staff to scrutinize the submitted material for publication with an eye to evaluating the overall impact on community relations of residents and nonresidents (summer folk). Surely you won't print everything that is submitted for publication. But that which is selected would be of far greater value to all if it fostered better understanding of common problems, concerns, and proposed solutions that are void of demeaning connotations and personal innuendos applied to any one group of individuals.

I sincerely believe that a continuation of the current editorial policy could lead to a constituency of readers and supporters of the *Monterey News* that is restricted to one individual, and that individual's "Fan Club."

Whether or not you choose to publish this letter, I appreciate your indulgence and hope that you will accept these comments in the spirit in which they have been submitted.

Sincerely yours,

Paul J. Carnese
Monterey Property Owner
Summer Resident, and future
Retiree and Monterey Resident

ED. REPLIES

Mr. Carnese:

A couple of quick calls to friends in the magazine business confirmed what I thought I knew: The majority of national magazines which choose to print letters to the editor (Atlantic Monthly, New York Review of Books, New Republic, Columbia Review of Journalism and The Nation to name a few) allow their authors a chance to respond, especially in order to establish factual data. The editorial policies of the Monterey News have for the past decade been so loose as to defy description. In terms of straight reporting, Patricia Howard told me years ago when I first began to write Town news that "the Monterey News prints controversy only after it has been resolved." Our way of honoring that dictum has been to do just that, except when an issue demands that prior input be made to a board or commission making a decision.

As for letters to the editor, poetry, prose and general submissions, the only editing we do is for reasons of space, not content. With rare exceptions we print every word our readers send us, so long as it bears a signature. We don't enjoy a stinging personal attack any more than you do. But we want to provide a forum for the discussion of important issues in Monterey. Pruning inappropriate emotional content and personal bias from the letters which come in to us is a job we'd like to leave to our readers. Your letter will certainly stimulate some thinking about that responsibility.

— Ellen Pearson

CALENDAR

Contra and Square Dance Schedule

Saturday, June 8—Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults, \$3.50; children, \$1.00 to dance until intermission. Information: (413) 528-9385 or (518) 329-7578.

Saturday, June 22—Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have done it before. Joe Baker, calling; music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission: \$3.50. Information: (413) 528-9385 or (518) 329-7578.

Interest Evening on Nuclear Confrontation

Wednesday, June 5—At 7:30 p.m. "Beyond War"—new philosophy and a discussion on the nuclear confrontation of the two superpowers and how to lessen the tension. Short movies will be shown. The evening will be held at the Hayloft Gallery, Route 23, Monterey. For information call Leonard Weber, 528-1878.

Race

Saturday, July 13—The fourth Monterey Day Race, now called the "Knox Trail Run," will be run. Race Director Bob Gauthier says, "We need three things: runners, onlookers and workers to help set up." Registration forms are available at the Monterey General Store, Walsh's Service Station and the Roadside Store.



July '83 Kids Race - photo Don Victor -

JUNE 1985 VISITING NURSE ASSOCIATION HEALTH PROMOTION CLINICS

The following are the scheduled times and locations of health promotion clinics sponsored by the Southern Berkshire Visiting Nurse Association. All clinics are free of charge to South County residents (donations are accepted). For full information call the SBVNA at 528-0130.

Stockbridge	June 5	Heaton Court
1:00-3:00		
	June 19	Plain School
Otis	June 4	Library
1:00-3:00		

Sheffield	June 11	Dewey Memorial Hall
1:00-3:00		
	June 25	Dewey Memorial Hall
Sandisfield	June 10	Library
12:00-2:00		
Gt. Barrington	June 24	Senior Center
1:00-3:00		

(Jean Stowell sent us this Letter to the Editor of the Eagle, thinking some Monterey people might like to participate. —Ed.)

Next August, the world will commemorate the 40th anniversary of the beginning of the nuclear arms race, when the first atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. At the same time, hopefully, we will renew our resolve, in these troubled times, that such an event must never happen again—yet knowing that the globe's destruction is technically possible at any moment.

To make this resolve manifest, many individuals and groups across the country are prayerfully creating a pieced-together "ribbon" that will be wrapped around the Pentagon on August 4. According to project sponsors, The Ribbon will be composed of panels decorated with symbols "of what we cannot bear to think may be lost forever (in the case of a nuclear war), of people or places we cherish, of events we celebrate."

Panels may be made by individuals or groups and may be decorated by any method—embroidery, applique, quilting, tie-dye, silkscreen, painting, permanent felt-tip pens or whatever. However, the dimensions and basic materials are very specific. Each panel requires a square of muslin (or similar sturdy cloth), folded double to a *finished* size of 18 inches by 36 inches. There should be a two-inch border allowed on all sides (the design should fit inside the 14-by-32-inch area thus created), and the borders reinforced with several rows of machine stitching. A nine-inch piece of strong ribbon should be attached horizontally at each corner so the panels can be tied together. The contributor's name (plus address and other information, if desired) can be located in the border or on the back.

I understand enough panels have already been made to encircle the Pentagon at least once, with more being completed every day. (There will be a sew-in in Albany on Memorial Day coinciding with sew-ins in the other 49 states.) I've seen some of the creations from the Albany area and a slid show of pieces from across the country—they are thought-provoking! And clever!

If groups or individuals in this area are interested in making a panel to be included in The Ribbon, GIRO (the Global Issues Resource Organization) at Berkshire Community College would be pleased to answer questions and coordinate efforts.

The Ribbon is just one more small way of whispering against the insanity of the arms race. But with enough whispers, the voices of the people of the world will eventually be heard!

— Marion Lathrop
Canaan, NY

Rick Mielke

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Comments and Contributions:

Catherine & Welles Sellw—Very well done. Keep it up!
Michael & Hinako Marcus—SUBLIME!!! If possible more
reportage of town events—monthly art or cultural article?
Faith B. Colt—Excellent.
M/M Robert Gunther—Only way we know about the town
government and items of interest is reading *Monterey News*.
Thank you.
Miss Rosemary Farrar—I like it very much.
Drs. Hugo & Alice DeMartino—Keep up the excellent
work—we thank you and appreciate your efforts.
M/M H. B. Pearl—You're doing a unique job better all the
time.

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